Rolla-Hi

1915.

The Rolla-Hi

for 1915.

The Student Annual

of the

Rolla High School

Volume 1.

To Those
Who have the best interests
of the
Rolla High School
at heart
This volume of the
Rolla-Hi
is most respectfully dedicated.

OLD HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

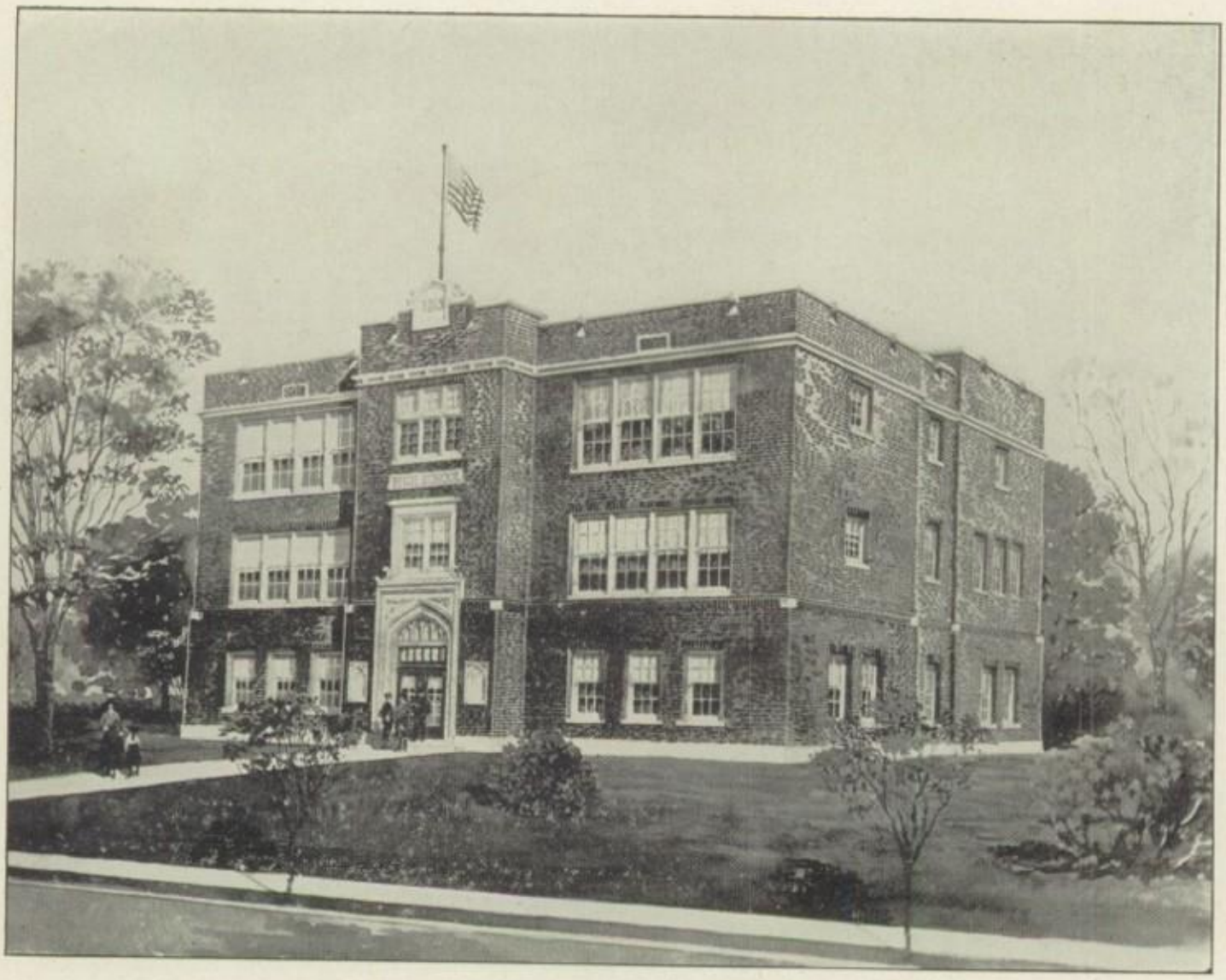
FAREWELL.

The rooms, once filled with merry youth,
  And teachers great in learning,
And graduates who at this time
  Their daily bread are earning,—
No more shall feel our presence near,
  Or know the teachers' rule,
For, as a memory of the past
  We hold our dear old school.

It served its time full long and well,
  And now we hate to see
It back into the old rut go;
  Such as it used to be.
So let it shake and crumble still,
  Old age comes to all things;
But in our hearts will ever be
  The memory which it brings.

Farewell, farewell, to it we say,
  As onward still we go;
And tho it's just a ruin now,
  It was not always so.
The inside walls were papered once,
  And once they did not shake;
We're to those sweet old memories true,
  And them we'll ne'er forsake.

POET.



NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

GREETING!

For many years we hoped and prayed,
  Real soon a school to start,
In which to realize fond hopes,
  Those nearest to the heart.
But always there has been some one,
  Or possibly some thing,
That kept us few progressive ones,
  From that High School building.

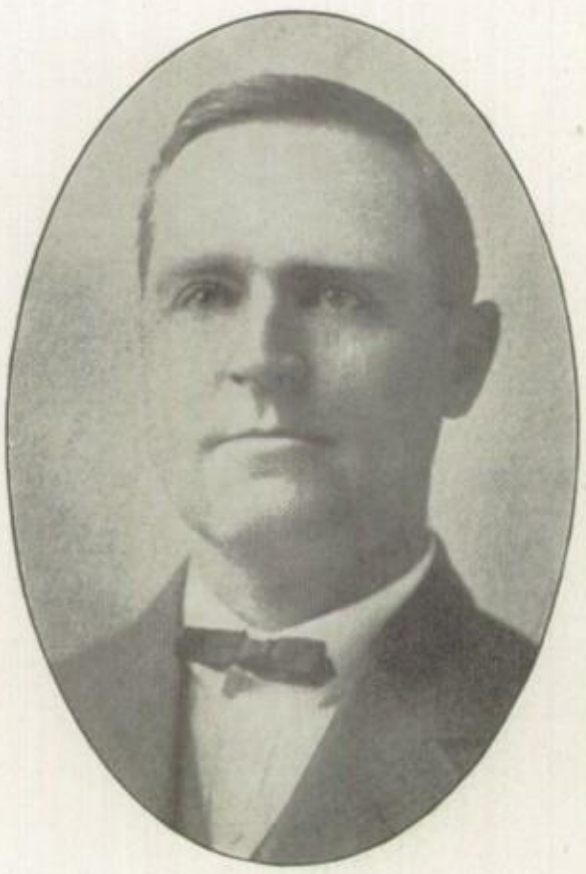
"Everything comes to him who waits,"
  I think the saying goes;
And so those same progressive ones
  Have conquered all their foes.
So now there soon will rise to sight,
  A building, oh, so grand,
In which to educate us all
  For workers in our land.

And in the High School's new abode
  Some changes will be wrought;
More teachers will be put therein,
  New courses will be taught.
And when we're in this new building,
  We'll realize at last,
That Rolla is a good old town
  Not buried in it past.

POET.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

HARRY R. MCCAW,
President Board of Education.



S. L. BAYSINGER.

DR. W. S. SMITH.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

E. H. ROACH,
Secretary and Treasurer Board of Education.

W. D. JONES.

CHAS. M. KNAPP,
Vice-President
Board of Education.

FACULTY.

S. P. BRADLEY,
Superintendent,
Mathematics and Science.

WM. BUCK,
Principal,
German and Latin.

JESSIE VIA,
Assistant Principal.
English and History.

Mid-Week Exercises.

The object of the Mid-Week Exercises of the Rolla High School is to promote school spirit, and to bring the student body in touch with the busy world. The students of the High School have taken great interest in these exercises, and all have done their share of the work.

Wednesday, November 11, 1914, the first meeting was held, for organization. At this time the following committee was appointed to arrange for the weekly program: Gwendolyn Arthur, Berenice Wynn, Nancy Love and Fay Dent.

Some of the addresses given were as follows:

Education, - - - - - - Rev. G. P. Keeling
Daily Life, - - - - - - Rev. H. N. Tragitt
Our Education, - - - - - - Rev. A. M. Dixon
Memories of Our School Days, - - - Rev. G. G. Riggan
The Meaning of the word Education, - - - Father O'Loughlin
Time, - - - - - - Professor G. R. Dean
The Value of English, - - - - - Dr. J. W. Barley
Aluminum, - - - - - Professor V. H. Gottschalk
The X-Ray, - - - - - - Dr. A. L. McRae
The Coming of Arthur, - - - - Prof. W. F. DeMoss
Libraries, - - - - - J. Cunningham, Librarian
National Reserve Bank, - - - - Honorable F. H. Farris
Progress and Conservation of Public Health, - Professor E. G. Harris

On several occasions Dr. J. J. Bassett-Wootton played selections from Wagner, Brahms and Mendelssohn.

The students of the school have helped most cheerfully by reading selections, giving piano and vocal numbers at these entertainments.

It is the ambition of both pupils and teachers to continue and try to improve the high standard already set.

FAY DENT, '18.

Rolla-Hi Editorial Staff.

DIXIE HARRIS,	Editor-in-Chief.
ERIC SCHUMAN,	Assistant Editor.
HELEN BAYSINGER,	Business Manager.
WALTER SCOTT,	Athletic Director.
CLEMENTINE MAGGI,	Literary Editor.
RUTH KEELING,	Art Editor.
OTTO KRUEGER,	Advertising Manager.
HAZEL DENT,	Social Editor.

Helen Baysinger
Business Manager

Walter Scott
Athletic Editor

Ruth Keeling
Art Editor

Dixie Harris
Editor in Chief

Eric Schuman
Assistant Editor

Clementine Maggi
Literary Editor

Otto K. Krueger
Advertising Manager

Hazel Dent
Social Editor

The History of the Rolla High School Building.

The high school building is one of the most interesting in Rolla. It has had a varied and turbulent existence, and more varied and strange are the stories handed around concerning it. There is no written record of this building, so I have been compelled to gather most of the material for this brief history from information given me by some of the older citizens of the town. Some things have been given to me in one way by one person, and in an entirely different way by another, and other things no one seems to be able to remember at all; but I have attempted to obtain as complete a knowledge of my subject as has been available, and to make the correct selection wheresoever I have found contradictions.

The building occupies the lot in the southeast corner of the block on which the Central Grade School is located. The description of the lot in the deeds of transfer is as follows: "Beginning 120 ft. S. of the NE. corner Block 47, then W. 60 ft., then S. to N. line of 5th St., then E. on N. line of 5th St. to SE. corner of said Block 47, then N. on W. line of Main St. to place of beginning, all in Block 47, Bishop Addition to the City of Rolla."

The lot was deeded to George Goettelmann and his wife, Catherine, on April 16, 1868, by Edmund W. Bishop, for $250. In the same year Mr. Goettelmann erected the present high school building. The date "1868," and the name "G. Goettelmann" may be seen today carved on a limestone tablet set high in the east wall of the structure. This Mr. Goettelmann was an uncle of Mrs. John Falls, who now lives across the street east of the high school. The building was then one of the most beautiful in Rolla. It was made of red brick, with limestone foundation and window sills; the dimensions were twenty-eight feet wide by forty-eight feet long, and it had two stories, besides an attic and a basement. There was a frame porch running across the south side and over the south door on the east side. The building was elegantly furnished, especially in the second story, where the family lived.

Among the many odd things we hear concerning the place, is that a man was killed there while it was used as a saloon; but Mrs. A. S. Long, who has lived here ever since it was built, says that this is a mere story, which may have arisen from the fact that a young man named Huffmeister, who was quite often at the house to call on Mr. Goettelmann's daughters, was, while out riding, thrown out of the buggy and killed.

April 30, 1870, George Goettelmann and wife mortgaged the property for $2,000 to James R. Bowman; and June 24, 1876, it was sold to David Branson for $2,010, to satisfy the mortgage. Mr. Branson owned the building until his death five years later. It was probably during this period that it was rented to A. K. Coppedge for a grocery store. Although it is generally believed that the building served in the capacity of a butcher shop about this time, yet I have found that this was not the case. There was, however, a butcher shop across the street, and the report probably arose from this fact.

May 11, 1881, the heirs of David Branson transferred the property to Elizabeth J. Owen, but since several properties were transferred by the

same quit-claim deed, it is impossible to estimate the valuation put upon it. Mr. F. C. W. Owen and his family lived in the building for a year or two, after which it was not occupied until 1884, when it was rented by Prof. E. H. Scott. During the time in which no one lived there, the second story was used as a storehouse for grain, and hogs were allowed to run back and forth through the lower hall after the grain spilled by the men who handled it. The building was also the refuge of numerous roaches that ran about and made themselves perfectly at home. Mrs. George R. Dean, the sister of Professor Scott, said that they were the most enormous and noisiest cockroaches she had ever seen.

In 1884 one of the professors of the Missouri School of Mines gathered a music class, and wrote to Prof. E. H. Scott, who was then residing in Abingdon, Illinois, asking him to come and take charge of the pupils. This was just the opening that Prof. Scott had been desiring, so he came immediately. After looking around for a place in which to conduct his school, he selected this vacant building. Mr. Owen did not think it worth while to fix it up for a conservatory, but he finally agreed to do it. The porch was repaired, the third story arranged into practice rooms, and a frame cupola, or balcony, with the word "Conservatory" painted upon it, was built on the roof.

The second and third stories were used for class rooms, while Professor Scott's parents, brother and sister, lived on the ground floor. Mr. J. W. Scott, the brother, says that he can remember times when four people were playing horns on the attic floor, and every piano in the practice rooms was going. "So," he adds, "the high school was once full of music." The school of music was located here for two years, and during the summer terms penmanship and English branches were also taught. The Western Conservatory of Music now has its headquarters in Chicago, and ranks among the most highly esteemed institutions of its kind. So we see that our old high school has been the humble birthplace of something worth while.

The building stood empty again after 1886, when the Conservatory was removed, until 1896, when the School Board decided that more room was needed for the public school. So the building was bought on August 4, 1896, from Mr. Owen for the sum of $1200.

The first grade, taught by Miss Myra Blanchard, occupied the first floor of the building, and the Superintendent lived upstairs until 1901, when it was moved and carried at a regular session of the Board, Sept. 3, that the two partitions over the primary room in the primary building be taken out, and the laboratory be removed to that room. The question of moving the high school to the primary building and hiring another was referred to the Finance Committee at this meeting.

The Board met in adjourned session December 20, 1901, and besides other business the following decision was given: "We, the committee appointed by the Board in regard to the advisability of removing High School from the main building, beg leave to make the following report: That after considering the matter fully, together with the Superintendent, we believe that it is for the betterment of the school, and recommend that the change be made.

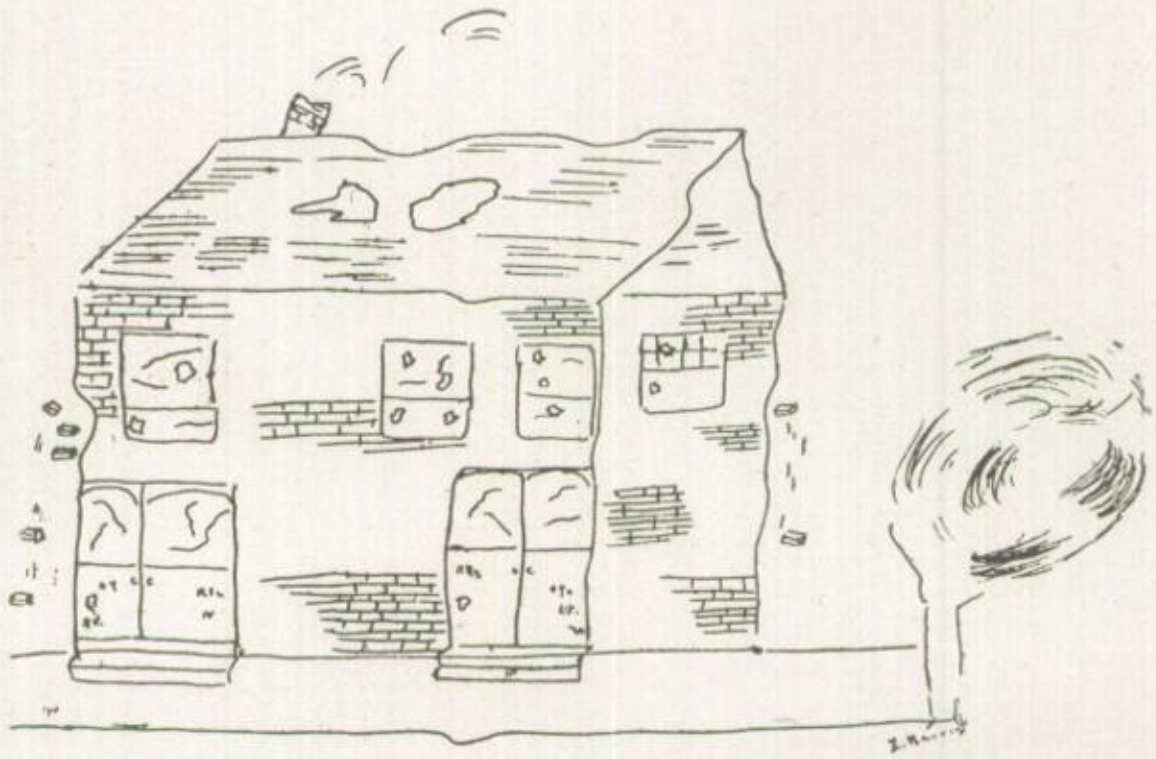
JOHN S. LIVESAY,
T. M. JONES,
A. S. NILES,
} Committee."

This recommendation was adopted by the Board, and the High School was moved to its present home. The teachers at this time were the Superintendent, Professor Blair, and Miss Beall, the Principal; but May 12, 1912, the Board adopted a resolution that a gentleman be elected as principal of the High School, and that an additional teacher be chosen as assistant. Both were to be under the supervision of the Superintendent.

The building is now a good deal like it always has been, in size and shape, but not in quality. The cupola, built for the Conservatory, has been torn down for a long time; and the porch was removed before 1908, because it was thought unsafe. The windows have been painted white, to keep the pupils' attention from wandering to the things outside. New sidewalks have been built, and other minor improvements have been made; but, despite all improvements, the building has become very unsuitable for school purposes. The loose plastering is dangerous; the defective light and poor blackboards are injurious to the eyes; and the sanitary conditions are most unsatisfactory. In talking with Mr. Albert Neuman about the purchase of the structure by the Board, I remarked: "It must have been in a very dilapidated condition then." His emphatic reply was: "It was much better then than it is now."

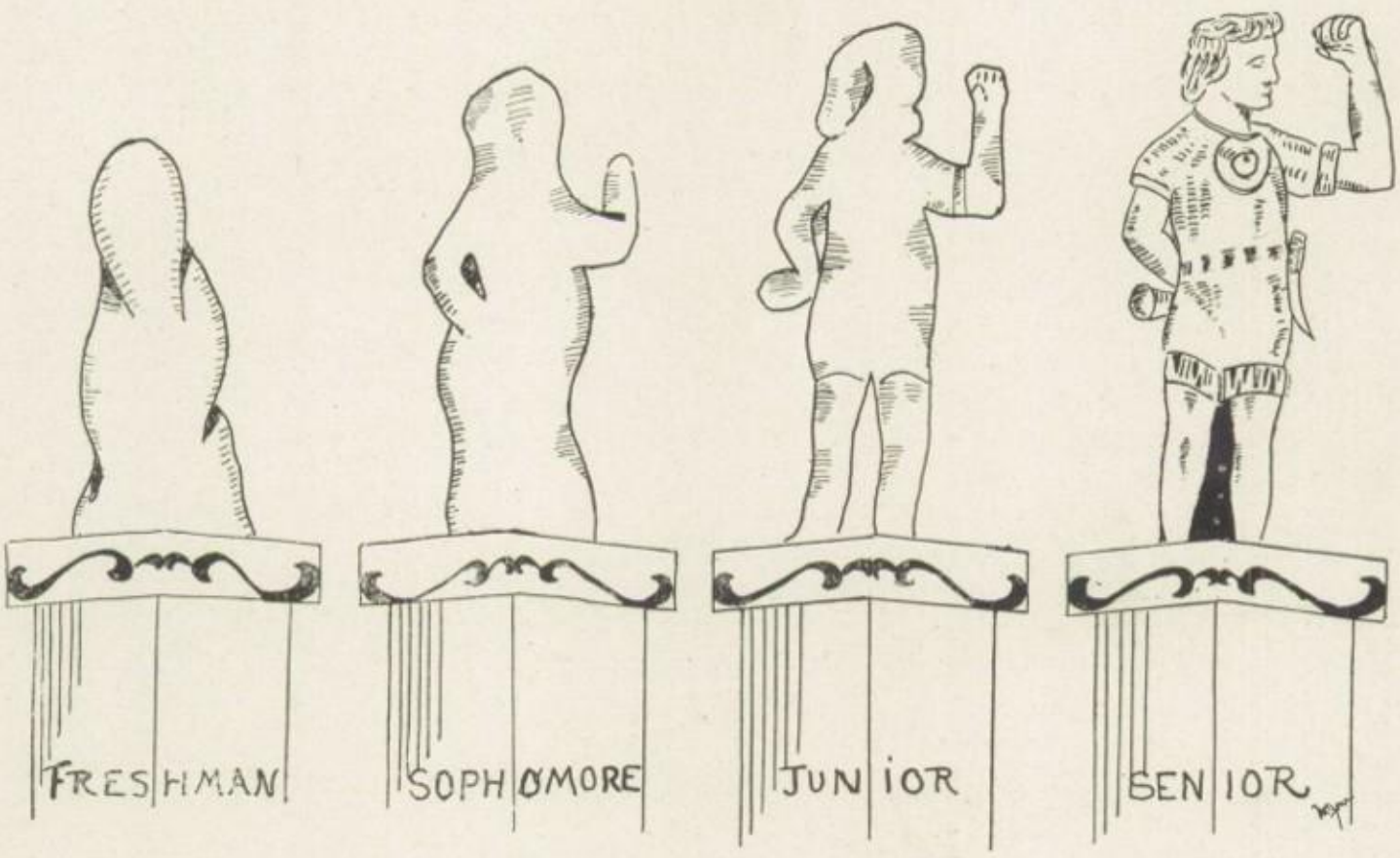
It is apparent to all that the Rolla High School should be moved from this old dilapidated building to a larger and more suitable place. However, there are many of the old teachers and students who would be sorry to see the building torn down, abandoned, or used for base purposes.

—From a Thesis by Evelyn Fern Hunt, '14.



R. H. S. and the gentle breeze.

EVOLUTION



SENIOR

The Senior Class.

FLOWER—LaFrance Rose. COLORS—Old Rose and Gold.

MOTTO:

Tandem Vinctrix Patientia.

Patience Finally Conquers.

OFFICERS:

DIXIE HARRIS, - - - - - - President.
GEORGE RHOADES, - - - Secretary and Treasurer.

DIXIE HARRIS.

Basketball, '12, '13, '14, '15.
Senior Class President, '15.
Editor-in-Chief Rolla-Hi, '15.

"The girl with a laugh and smile
Who makes the bubble of life
worth while."

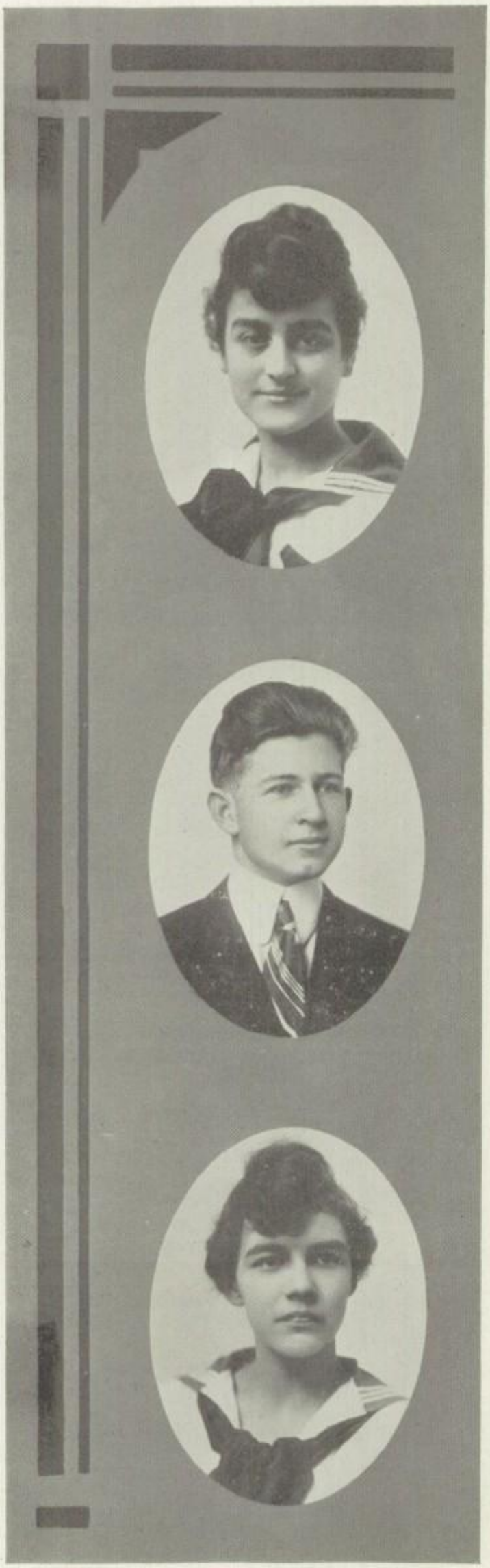
GEORGE RHOADES.

Secretary and Treasurer '14, '15.

"A gentleman thru and thru, and what's more, a good sportsman o'er and o'er."

OTTILIE KRUEGER.

"She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair."



HELENE GRABER.

"Beautiful in form and figure,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed in common clay?"

WALTER SCOTT.

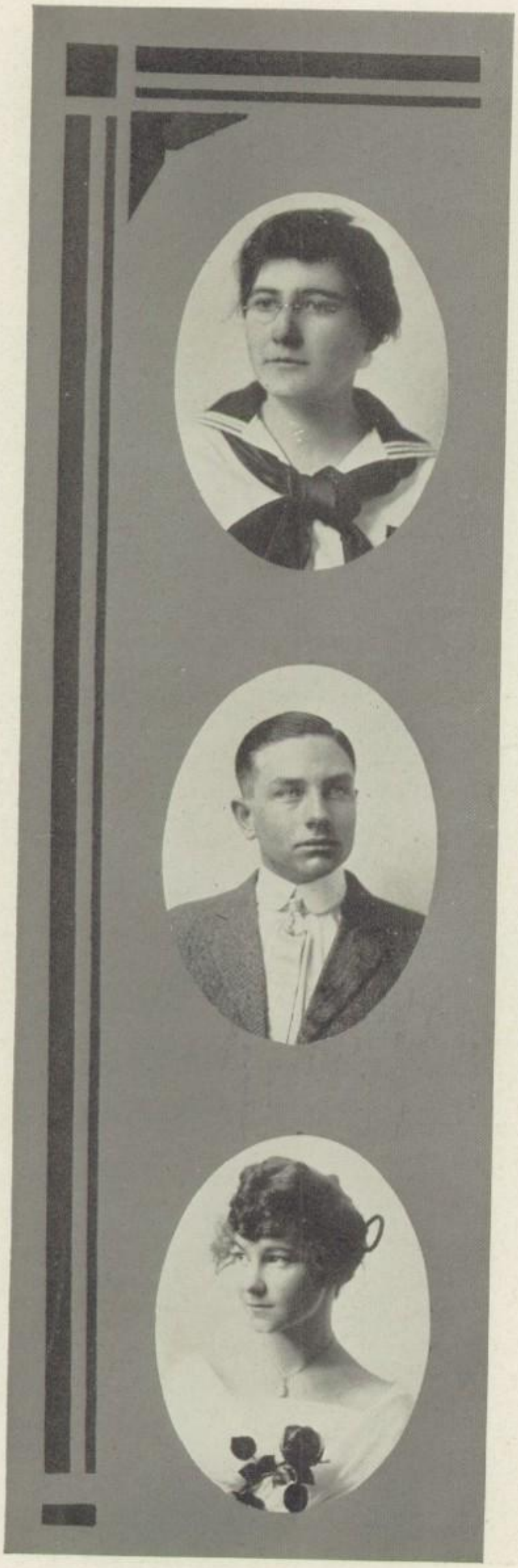
Rolla-Hi Board, '15.
Basketball, '13.
Baseball, '13, '14.

"Fair as a snow-drop, sweet as a rose,
What will become of him, the Lord only knows."

GWENDOLYN ARTHUR.

Mid-Week Exercise Committee, '15.
Junior President, '14.

"Little grains of powder, little drops of paint,
Make the pretty girlies look like what they ain't."



SARAH LENOX.

"To be merry becomes you, for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour."

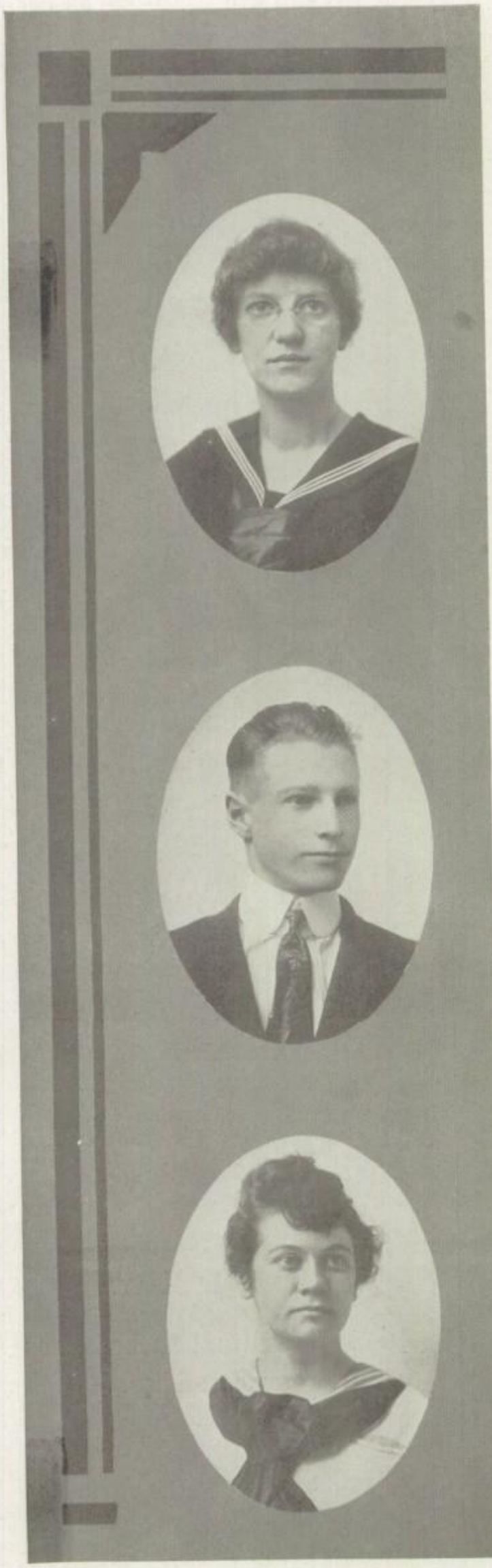
SAM ARTHUR.

Baseball, '14.
Basketball, '13, '14.

"All great men are dying; in fact, I don't feel well myself."

GRACE LIVESAY.

"This wee cute lass has proved our class bliss."



VELMA BULLARD.

"The worst fault you have is to be in love."

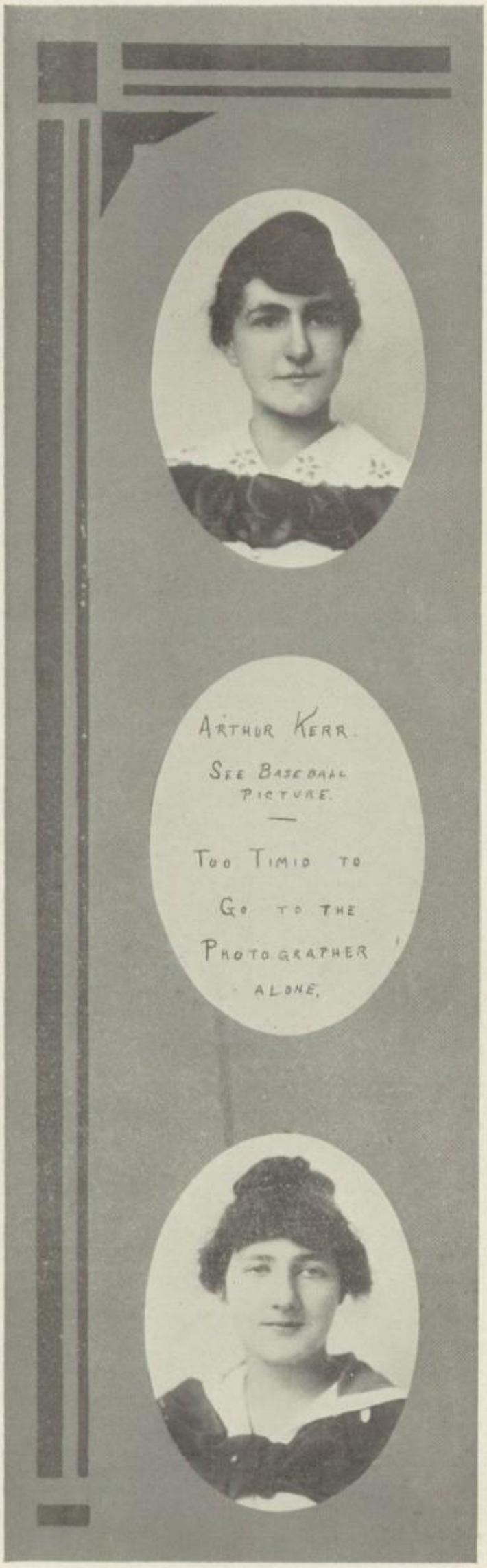
WESLEY JONES.

Basketball, '13, '14.
Baseball, '12, '13, '14.

"All the World loves a lover."

PRUDENCE CHAPPELL.

"The jolliest, happiest, sort of a girl, and a friend to every one."



CLARA DRESSENDOFFER.

"Bright headed inside and out."

ARTHUR KERR.

Baseball, '12, '13, '14.
Track, '12.

"The Master's hand which to the life can trace the airs, the lines, the features of the face."

ETHEL CASE.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Senior Class History.

Our Senior Class is composed of ten girls and five boys. Six members, Gwendolyn Arthur, Ethel Case, Dixie Harris, Wesley Jones, Ottilie Krueger, and Grace Livesay, started together in the first grade. In the sixth grade we were joined by Clara Dressendofer and Sarah Lenox; in the eighth grade by Samuel Arthur and Prudence Chappel; in the Freshman Class of the High School by Helene Graber, Arthur Kerr and George Rhoades, and in the Senior Class by Velma Bullard and Walter Scott.

During the years of our Public School life we constantly looked forward with considerable longing, not unmixed with fear, to the time when we would enter High School. How we envied the care-free Freshmen, the striving Sophomores, the studious Juniors, but most of all, the pensive Seniors! Was not this the height of our ambition, to some time be able to say, "I am a Senior?" When, finally, we said farewell to the Public School, with what mingled feelings of pride, joy, curiosity, and fear, did we greet our initiation into the mysteries of High School work! Our fears were realized in that first year of Freshman work. O, how hard and difficult it seemed at times, and sometimes the question presented itself to our minds, is it worth while? But I suppose the thought of some day being a Senior spurred us on to renewed efforts, and a determination to accomplish the task before us.

I once observed a boy carrying a basket of laundry up a stairway. The basket seemed rather more of a burden than a boy of his size should carry. I asked him, "Is not that basket too heavy for you?" He replied, "Oh, yes; it is quite heavy, but I am nearly there with it now. I just have to take it to the first landing." He would carry it two or three steps at a time, then set it down and rest, every now and then glancing upward at his goal. Ours has been a similar experience. We sometimes stumbled under our self-imposed burdens, but always at such critical times we would receive words of encouragement from parents and teachers, and again take up the load.

History not only discusses individuals and their deeds, but also portrays character, and this I shall now proceed to do, to the best of my ability.

Reflecting upon the present Senior Class, I asked myself, was there ever such a well-balanced class before, and could one hope for another such a one in the future? For the class was affected, as a whole, by the seriousness of George Rhoades, the drollness of Arthur Kerr and Wesley Jones, the extreme energy and excitability of Ethel Case and Clara Dressendorffer, the calmness of Sarah Lenox and Velma Bullard, the sunny disposition of Gwendolyn Arthur, and the good humor of Dixie Harris. In marked contrast to Wesley Jones, who was always getting into trouble, was Walter Scott, a born diplomat. Then there was Prudence Chappel, true to ner name, Grace Livesay, though small of stature, with a loving heart; and Helene Graber, modest and retiring. Last, but not least, was Sam Arthur, who excelled in initiative. Though they differed in many things, each was in sympathy with the others, which tie served as a common bond.

OTTILIE KRUEGER, '15.

PROPHECY.

I had been alone nearly all afternoon, sitting before the fire-place reading. Finally, growing tired, I allowed my thoughts to wander into the future. As my mind contemplated that part of my life of which I now know nothing, I thought of my friends, and at last of the future of my classmates.

With this on my brain I fell asleep, only to be awakened suddenly by a very odd sound from the fire. Looking there I saw the tiniest maiden standing on the andiron gazing at me, and speaking with a fascinating voice.

"Listen, please, I am a messenger from the fire queen, who knows what the future will bring. When the fire goes out you will find that from which you will know the future of the Class of Fifteen."

A small blue flame and a little hiss, and she was gone. Impatiently I waited until the fire went out, so that I could begin my search. I was very much disappointed to find only the usual gray ashes. Listlessly I picked up the poker and began building a new fire. My attention was suddenly attracted to many little pieces of paper, of nearly every shape and color imaginable. I dug them all out and placed them on the hearth beside me.

The title and a few notes of music first caught my eye. The piece was named "The Leader," and the composer's initials were W. S. Now, as you already know, Walter is both a leader and a musician. He will become the director of a famous orchestra, probably in a "Northern" atmosphere.

"One of your number will convert the heathen," was the newspaper line which caught my searching eyes. That is gentle Ethel, because little people always do great things.

An advertisement for nurses' uniforms with O. K. traced in ashy lines, and I found that we have a future nurse among us. Ottilie will prefer a place of treatment for people suffering from an overdose of anti-fat.

The whole of a professional card was brought to light. "Grace Livesay, Salesman for Everything Drug Co." She will sell one bottle, the contents of which can be used for a tooth wash, hair tonic, massage, glue, flavoring extract; in fact, everything.

On a scrap from a magazine story this was written: "George ———, a rising young farmer, etc." Now, I know "Mr. George" is doomed to rise rapidly, whether from a gunpowder explosion or from successful farming. However, in his case it will be farming, maybe in Taney County.

The next piece of paper was so small, and had so little upon it, that I nearly gave up hope. Then, lo! it came like a flash, that Wesley will be an Editor, whose paper will be popular because of the clever cartoons of the

genius who will develope from our classmate.

A piece of paper larger than most of them had a line burnt nearly across it. Below was written: "Remove all lines." Gwendolyn is to have the fate of becoming a beauty doctor. Arthur's Hair Tonic will be her gift to the world.

I found an Easter Card shaped like a cross, which simply said, "To Velma." A woman and a cross make me think of a nun, so that will be Velma's life work, which will be "nun" the worse for having her.

This next one proved interesting. A red paper burnt in the shape of a heart, on which was the head of a beautiful woman. A. K. was artistically written near the bottom of said heart. So Helene, our class beauty, will still pose for artist "Sally," altho 'twill soon be in a place far superior to the physics laboratory.

Part of a paper proved to be a certificate giving Prudence the right to teach. She certainly will make a good teacher, because she is the kind of a girl children easily learn to love.

Another business card read: "Sarah Lenox, Voice Culture, Rolla High School." With the new building will come new studies, and Sarah will fill the above position.

The figure of a ship completely filled the next piece of paper. For several moments I could find no connection between this and any member of our class. Then I knew that Sam will be a navy officer, and one of whom we all may be proud.

Thru a letter I learned that Clara will soon become desperate, and in the fear of being an old maid, will start a matrimonial bureau. Red headed people are usually successful.

After a little further search I found the last slip of paper. It seemed to be different from the rest. It gave me a queer sensation as I beheld on it the mystical figure of a beautiful woman, seemingly in a trance. Then in an instant it dawned upon me that our Class President, Dixie, was to be a seeress. Great events of the world she will foretell, and many are the souls who will be grateful to her for her wisdom and knowledge.

DIXIE HARRIS, '15.

Senior Class Poem.

The Freshie sat upon a desk,
  He could not help but hear;
And thus spake up that wisest man,
  The knowing wise Senior.

I only wish to tell to you,
  The Senior then spake forth,
Of trials hard and troubles great,
  And prove to you our worth.

For four long years we've toiled together
  'Mid sorrow, joy and pain,
But when we're out into the world
  We'll all our victories gain.

Our teachers we most truly love,
  And owe them all a debt.
That all this great world's joys
  Can't force us to forget.

We came in quest of wisdom,
  We always, always read,
In many different kinds of books
  Of heroes long since dead.

Oh, then shall we, the class '15,
  Step out upon Life's stage.
And make the old school famous
  With battles that we wage.

When sailing down Life's golden stream,
  And our future shines with light,
We won't forget a classmate
  Whose fortune's not so bright.

The Freshie felt like some one stunned,
  And was of sense forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser man
  He rose Commencement morn.

GWENDOLYN ARTHUR, '15.

Senior Class Will.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, the Senior Class Students of ROLLA HIGH SCHOOL, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and annulling all former Wills by us executed.

FIRST. We give, devise and bequeath to the Students of the High School and incoming Freshmen, the New High School (to be).

SECOND. To Professor Bradley our list of all those members of Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes, holding Keys, Ponies, and all books of such nature for use of defrauding said Professor Bradley of his just right and privilege of cramming into all members the knowledge by the Bradley Process.

THIRD. To Professor Buck, our esteemed Principal, plenty of room in the New High School for Geometrical purposes. Also a private room for teaching "Dutch."

FOURTH. To Miss Via, the one teacher who has been able to stay with us, and, by pulling our eye teeth and other points of ignorance, has at last landed us at the door to go out, we give our heartfelt thanks.

FIFTH. We give, devise and bequeath to the Junior Class as a whole, their just rights and privileges to use all lower classmen for any good use whatever.

SIXTH. We give, devise and bequeath to the Sophomore Class the right to use better judgment in the decorating of the desks in the New High School building.

SEVENTH. We give, devise and bequeath to the Freshman Class the right to snub all coming Freshmen.

EIGHTH. I, Arthur Kerr, give, devise and bequeath to August Delaloye my corner of Pool Hall; also my book entitled, "How to Get Out of Everything."

NINTH. I, George Rhoades, give, devise and bequeath to Harry Zieseniss my book, entitled, "How to Break Into Big League," or, "A Timid Man's Resolve."

TENTH. I, Gwendolyn Arthur, give, devise and bequeath to Robert Stassen the privilege of writing the 1916 Senior Poem.

ELEVENTH. I, Ethel Case, give, devise and bequeath to Mary Evans my book entitled, "Making Much of an Opportunity."

TWELFTH. I, Ottilie Krueger, give, devise and bequeath to Eva Northern my book entitled "Slow and Steady," or "Success as a Senior."

THIRTEENTH. I, Clara Dressendofer, give, devise and bequeath to Helen Kilgore my book entitled, "How to Write Something Without Anything In It."

FOURTEENTH. I, Grace Livesay, give, devise and bequeath to Christine Hammer my book entitled, "What To Do In a Pinch."

FIFTEENTH. I, Helene Graber, give, devise and bequeath to Mary Adams my book entitled, "Posery, or How to Tilt the Head."

SIXTEENTH. I, Velma Bullard, give, devise and bequeath to Gladys Pryor my book entitled, "Eye Culture."

SEVENTEENTH. I, Sarah Lenox, give, devise and bequeath to Emmett Wynn my book entitled "Life on the Farm."

EIGHTEENTH. I, Prudence Chappel, give, devise and bequeath to Minerva Allison my book entitled, "Work and Win, or Seeing Things in the Future."

NINETEENTH. I, Dixie Harris, give, devise and bequeath to Helen Baysinger my book entitled, "Success for the Ambitious."

TWENTIETH. I, Walter Scott, give, devise and bequeath to Earl Baumgardner a balmy moonlight night, a bench for two hidden in a cozy place, and the girl (right one.)

TWENTY-FIRST. I, Wesley Jones, give, devise and bequeath to Eric Schuman a still night on the river, two good companions, and plenty of bull frogs, mosquitoes, and an old negro who can play on the banjo the lonesomest songs ever written.

We nominate, constitute and appoint Professor Buck and Professor Bradley Executors, and Miss Via, Executrix, of this our last Will and Testament.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seal, this 21st day of May, 1915.

THE SENIOR CLASS (Seal.)
WESLEY JONES, '15.

Freshman

Senior

The Junior Class.

FLOWER—Violet. COLORS—Violet and Green.

MOTTO:

Labor Conquers Everything.

OFFICERS:

EMMETT WYYN, - - - - - - - President.
EVA NORTHERN, - - - - - - - Vice-President.
HARRY ZIESENISS, - - - - - - - Secretary.
LOREA YOWELL, - - - - - - - Treasurer.

Top Row—Berenice Wynn, Helen Baysinger, Harry Zieseniss, Mattie Freeman, Lorea Yowell.

Middle Row—Mary Evans, Mary Adams, Effie Porter, Earl Baumgartner, Eva Northern, Helen Kilgore.

Bottom Row—Eric Schuman, Minerva Allison, Emmet Wynn, Selma Hammer, Robert Stassen, Christine Hammer.

The Junior Class.

FOREWORD:

To the Editors of the Rolla-Hi:

In compiling this brief review of the Class of 1916, I have endeavored to put forth as modestly, and yet in as fitting a manner as possible, the glory that effulges from the aggregate constituting the above mentioned class. In no other class in the school at the present time will one find the balance, the poise, the intellectuality, that predominates in this group of students. I do not need to tell you of the importance and the magnanimity of this class; and if I should attempt to do so, I could never impress upon your minds the actual importance of us Juniors, who are struggling so hard to reach the goal of wisdom.

A fact that proves that our class is very, very important, is that three very dignified Seniors have allowed themselves to be enrolled in one of our classes, and we certainly do appreciate the honor, and altho Velma, Sarah and Walter are not true-blue Juniors, we are very proud of them. Our class roll is composed of eighteen loyal Juniors, and we are all very proud of our class.

My labor in behalf of this class has been one of love and loyalty to one and all of the members, and should there by any chance be an exception taken to the personal remarks I have made, I trust the matter may be amicably adjusted.

Thanking you for the privilege of writing this symposium, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

ROBERT STASSEN—"Bob."

"Destined to sweep the nation off its feet."

MARY ADAMS—"Mary Jane."

Mary is a girl of sterling character and high ideals, with ambitions that soar far above her wise little head; also a Virgil scholar of great reputation.

ERIC SCHUMAN—"Piggie."

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

MARY EVANS—"Tot."

"I would rather be small and shine, than be large and cast a shadow."

HARRY ZIESENISS—"Shorty."

"He will not be convinced until he hath convinced himself, and others, too."

HELEN KILGORE—"Chicken."

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

EMMETT WYNN—"Shin" and "M. J."

"With graceful step he strides the streets,
And smiles on all the maidens sweet."

MINERVA ALLISON—"Nerva."

"Her life is noble, pure and sweet,
For she is a girl that is hard to beat."

EARL BAUMGARTNER—"Bum."

"The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

EVA NORTHERN—"Vav."

"It warms me, it charms me, to mention his name;
It heats me, it beats me, and sets me aflame."

GLADYS PRYOR—"Happy."

Gladys is our walking telegraph pole, who insists she is not tall. She performs the part of a bride very gracefully.

SELMA HAMMER—"Sam."

"This maid can often pensive be,
But when she smiles, it is with glee."

CHRISTINE HAMMER—"Teener."

"Teener's charming personality will win her a host of friends wherever she may go, as it has in R. H. S.

HELEN BAYSINGER—"Jimmie."

"She is pretty to walk with,
She is witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think about."

EFFIE PORTER—"Fie."

"She is the brightest, and the sweetest, neatest and most complete, of girls."

MATTIE FREEMAN.

"The joy of health her eyes display,
And ease of heart her every look conveys."

BERENICE WYNNE—"Berny."

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

LOREA YOWELL—"Rea."

"Eyes like the starlight of soft midnight,
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright."

LOREA YOWELL, '16.

The Sophomore Class.

FLOWER—Easter Lily.

COLORS—Green and White.

MOTTO:

Qualis non Quantus.

OFFICERS:

AUGUST DELALOYE, - - - - - President.
HOMER KERR, - - - - - - Vice-President.
MARIAN KNAPP, - - - - Secretary and Treasurer.

Top Row—Edith Faragher, Ray Denison, Hazel Chapin, Nancy Love, Clementine Maggi, Ruth Clayton, Homer Kerr.

Middle Row—Oma McMaster, Ella Haas, Mildred East, Emma Montgomery, Albert Shinneman, Marian Knapp, Ruth Keeling, Walker Case, Josie Denton.

Bottom Row—Dalton Horrom, Roy Keeling, Marguerite Delaloye, August Delaloye, Minnie Martin, Iva Yelton, Minna Kline.

A Soph's Opinion of a Senior.

The sour and learned Seniors may be distinguished from the jolly, roystering Sophomores, and the impertinent Freshmen, by the exceeding strength of their countenances, and their habit, which has been termed by some impertinent Freshman, star gazing. Every one in the class seems to have a taste for the study of astronomy; and some of the boys have pairs of eyes that are as blue as the sky and as bright as the stars. Whether they discovered these during their contemplation of tne heavens it is impossible to say, but certain it is that when a Senior is in this learned reverie he is likely to stumble and bark his shins over any unoffending little Sophomore or Freshman who happens to stand in his path.

Each year the Seniors flaunt their superiority in the faces of the Freshmen and Sophomores by organizing many societies and clubs, with names such that one not a practitioner of the black art, cannot pronounce.

They hold secret fests and confabs in the most secluded recesses of the laboratory; they wear watch charms and class pins of peculiar designs, with mystic characters emblazoned thereon, and they converse learnedly among themselves, after the manner of so many owls, on subjects which an unsophisticated, innocent, little Sophomore wots not of.

One of the greatest manifestations of the superiority of the Senior is the fact that they are allowed to have individual pictures in the Annual, however, much to the grief of their pocketbooks.

At the end of each term they are accustomed to assume an air of importance, and to bequeath many worthless things to their successors, the Juniors. When the great Seniors condescend to attend the mid-week exercises, and to sit in all the best seats, with their feet blocking the aisles, the boys to sing hoarse bass and the girls to giggle and talk, the inferior Freshmen and Sophomores fairly weep with joy and gratitude.

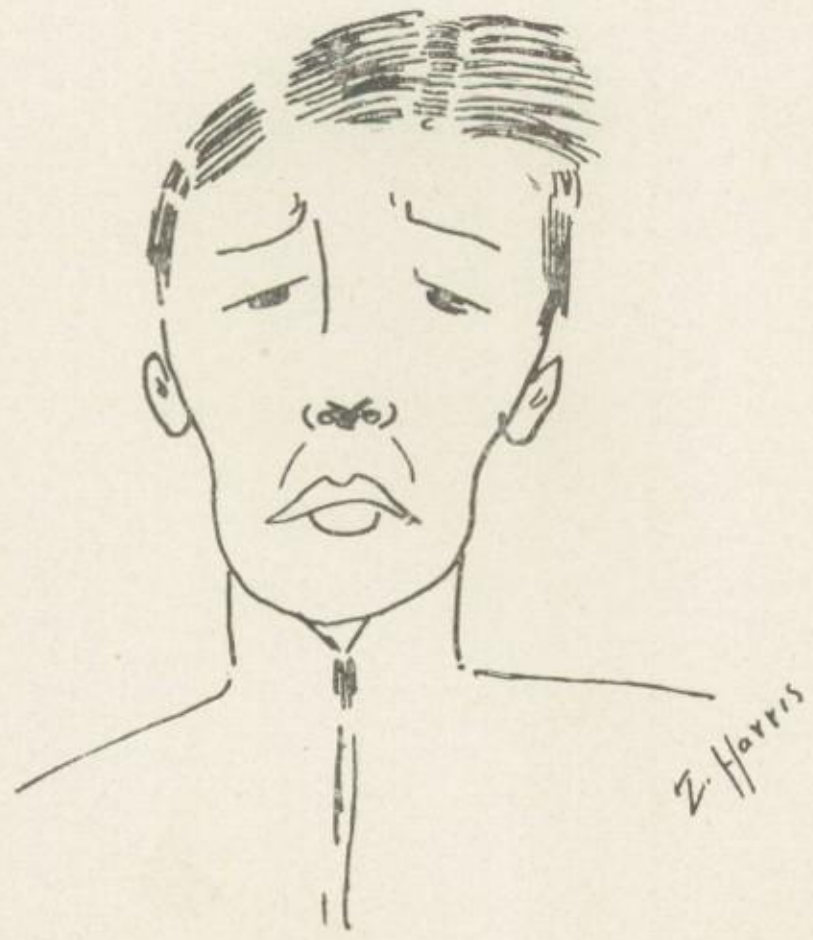
Yea, verily, the Seniors are greatly superior.

RAY DENISON, '17.

The Declamatory Contest.

Not only is the entire High School proud of Ray Denison for winning the gold medal at the declamatory contest, but the Sophomores are particularly elated because he is a member of their class. Each year the South Central Missouri Teachers' Association closes its sessions with a contest, to which all the high schools in the district are invited to send representatives. This year fifteen contestants were present, but Ray easily won first place among the boys.

When a freshman enters
He's nothing but a baby,



But later as a Senior,
He's a man of might, — well, maybe!

FRESHMAN

The Freshman Class.

FLOWER—Lily of the Valley. COLORS—Lavender and White.

MOTTO:

Perseverance Assures Success.

OFFICERS:

RUTH SCHUMAN, - - - - - - President.
CHARLES SMITH, - - - - - Vice-President.
CATHERINE CULBERTSON, - - - - Secretary.
EVELYN McGREGOR, - - - - - Treasurer.

Top Row—Anna Brown, Elsie Crumm, Ollie Morrison, Birdie Greensweight, Robert Stebbins, Hazel Jones, Bessie Sturgeon, Katie Hume, Helen Wiese.

Middle Row—Grace Wyant, Catherine Culbertson, George Strobach, Evelyn McGregor, Charles Smith, Mabel Jones, Albert Long, Minnie Fulford, Ethelyn Ivie.

Bottom Row—Frederick Wood, Leona Line, Fay Dent, Otto Krueger, Ruth Schuman, Mary Lynch, Hazel Dent, Francis Rothe.

The Freshman Class.

We entered Rolla High School in the fall of 1914 a very likely looking bunch of Freshies. When we got in High School we thought that we wuz about the "whole cheese," but we soon found out that a Freshman is about the smallest, meanest, most contemptible thing in the whole High School.

At the beginnin' of school we were wellcombed in by the Sophomores, who gave us a set of rules by which to conduct ourselves, such as, "always enter the building by the back door only; always doff your hats to Sophomores and other upper classmen; never be seen fussing or talking to any of the fair sex," etc. These aforesaid rules and regulations wuz really a very good thing, for they showed us our place, and kep some of our bunch from getting "swelled heads," which they threatened to do.

Of coarse, at first we wuz awful green. We aint a denying that, not a bit; but jest the same we wuz a mighty lively bunch, and the best Freshman Class that ever hit this town or school yet. Them upper classmen told us that we wuz the ones that put the "Fresh" in Freshman, and I guess they about told the truth there.

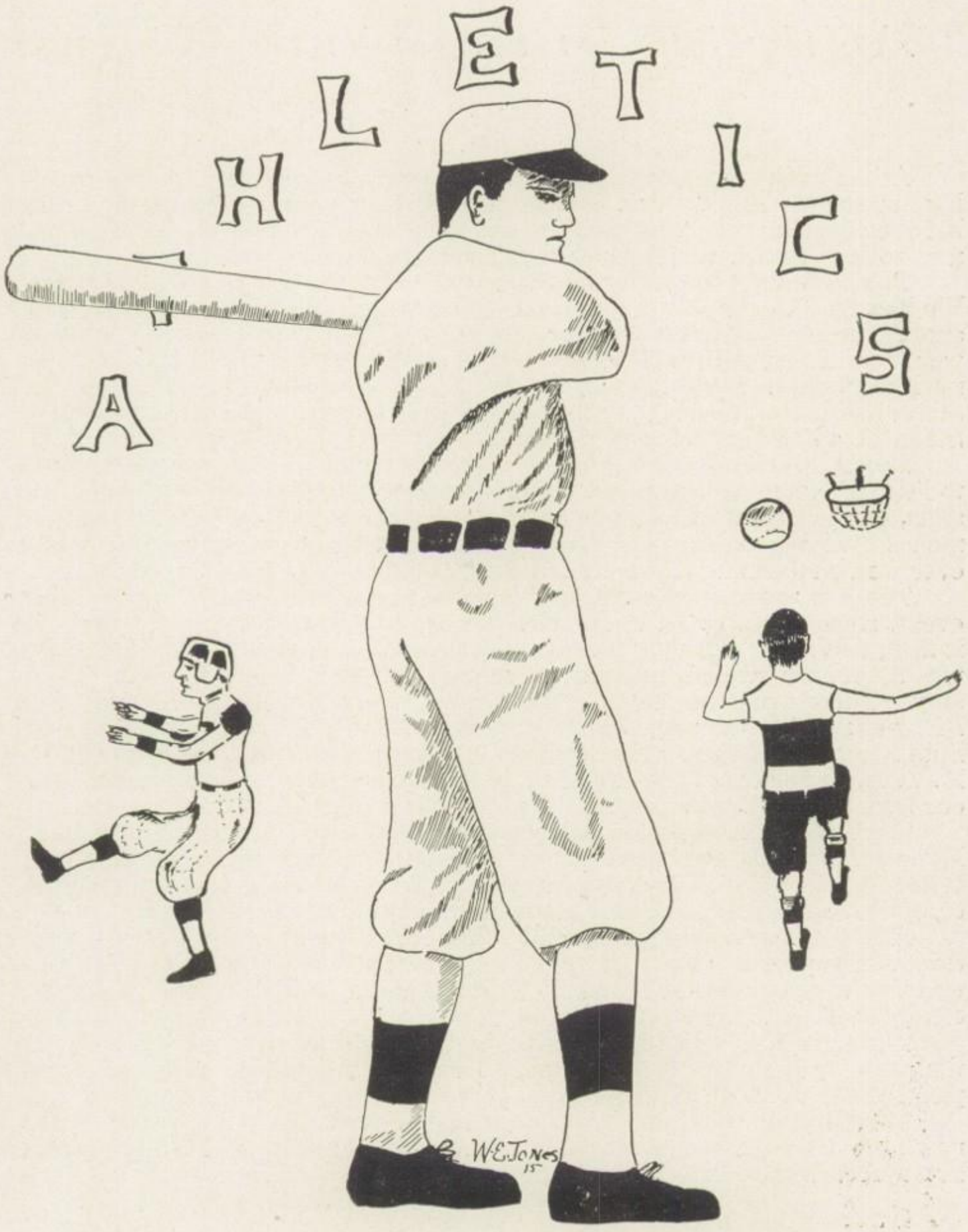
'Member how we organized after much cussin and discussin. In selecting the class flower, although I wanted a hollyhawk or a sun-flour, my wishes wuz not considered.

Of the forty odd members of our class who entered high school in September scarcely thirty-five remain, the others havin grown puny from over study and kwit school. Their places have been partly filled by new members who have started in from time to time.

We wuz some smart class, too, when it comes to studyin. Our teachers said we wuz awful bright. We liked all our subjects pretty well, especially that "beloved" Latin that Professor Buck teaches, and Miss Via's English. Nearly all of us made a general average of ninety in most of our subjects and got out of most of our quarterly exams.

We had four or five "sharks," a bunch of "big guns," two or three wits, a few goats, some boneheads, lots of wild animals and many other things too numerous to mention. Will they all be back? You bet they will for they got to have our class to keep up the reputation of good old R. H. S. Believe me, this is a pretty good old school after all.

ALBERT LONG, '18.


ATHLETICS
B. W.E.JONES
15

Athletics in the Rolla High.

Athletics in the Rolla High School are good now, but they were probably better in the past. The best teams of the school were during the years between 1909 and 1912. Then the boys devoted much time to the development of the teams, thereby gaining championships in various sports.

The basketball teams for all these years were the best anywhere around. We had the "long ones" for centers, the strong, sturdy ones for guards, and the speedy, accurate ones for forwards. The members of these teams were Paul King, Albert Gale, Ed Damotte, Pete White, "Bill" Powell, Harry Heimberger, Bert Clayton, Harry Kline, Elva Line, Earl Jones, X. Smith and Gene Johnson. St. James, Washington, Lebanon, Newburg, Steelville and Salem were all victims.

Football really thrived only one year, altho it has made several attempts to live since. But during that year Rolla was champion. Iberia and Lebanon, the two most formidable rivals, were easily defeated. One thing that makes the Lebanon game memorable is the fact that it was the first game ever won on Jackling Field—the Miners had already played one, but lost.

There was much interest developed in track, especially in the relay event, since the S. C. M. T. A. offered a cup to the winning team. We won it first, lost it second, then won it three years in succession. The fifth race was the important one for Rolla, since it determined where the cup would stay. There were four entries in the race: Rolla, Steelville, Licking and Richland. Steelville was the most feared. The Rolla team, made up of Paul King, Earl Jones, Elva Line and X. Smith, won. However, the S. C. M. T. A. decided that the cup must go each year to the winning team, and our boys refused to run again.

The Athletic Association has been very busy ever since it was organized. During their days Georgena Clark, Eugene Johnson, Harry Heimberger, Will Kahlbaum and Emmet Wynn have been Presidents, while our Treasurer, Miss Via, has served the student body very faithfully.

A few of the stunts pulled off by the Association were: Socials, concerts and suppers. One of the most important things done by the Association was the purchase of the piano with the money raised by the persistent efforts of Miss Via.

The girls' basketball team of the past, while good, was not as good as the present, according to the "dope," for at the present our girls are champions of the S. C. M. T. A.

Taking it all in all, much was done in the past, but next year, in our new high school, there is no reason in the world why we should not make a better record than in any of the previous years.

WALTER SCOTT, '15.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.
Champions of South Central Missouri 1914-15.
Top Row—Nancy Love, Mildred East.
Lower Row—Emma Montgomery, Helen Baysinger, Berenice Wynn, Dixie Harris, Christine Hammer.

Girls' Basketball.

Early in the year a meeting was held by the girls who were interested in basketball. An association was formed, and Berenice Wynn was elected captain. The team had its first practice the third week of school. A large crowd was out, and everything started with a vim which has been kept up. Mr. Kamp, a student of the School of Mines, kindly offered to coach the girls, and they found his assistance very valuable.

The first game was with Newburg, November 6th. The selected team was Ruth Mitchell, Berenice Wynn and Dixie Harris, guards; Helen Baysinger and Christine Hammer, forwards; Nancy Love, Emma Montgomery and Mildred East, centers. With this team they thought they were certain to win. The game started in a rather speedy manner, and continued so throughout the two halves. At first it looked as if Rolla's fond hopes were going to be shattered, but the team soon pulled together, and at the end of the first half the score was a tie of 5-5. During the second half Rolla gradually pushed up its side of the score. Both Rolla forwards made several good baskets, but Newburg made some fouls. When the whistle blew at the end of the second half the score was 13-9 in favor of Rolla.

Although the Newburg game was very exciting, it was far surpassed

by the meet of the South Central Teachers' Association, held in Rolla at the Thanksgiving holidays. This Association is composed of the schools of fourteen counties in South Central Missouri. To encourage a spirit for athletics among High School students this Association held an athletic meet on November 28th. The girls' basketball teams from Licking, Iberia, Steelville and Rolla were present.

The first two teams to play were Steelville and Rolla. Both were confident of victory. At the end of the first half the score was, as it should have been, in favor of Rolla. The second half started after a few minutes intermission, the Rolla team confident, the Steelville team hopeful. The short half was soon closed, Rolla finding herself victorious. The game was interesting and full of motion, but Steelville was outclassed by Rolla's team.

The next step was to find what team was to be Rolla's opponent for the pennant. The two remaining teams, Licking and Iberia, played, resulting in a victory for Iberia.

When Rolla and Iberia took the floor people sat up with a jerk and the suspense was something awful because the winners would be "The Champions." The game started with a rush, both teams made many fouls, but the Rolla team made the most baskets, consequently, at the end of the first half Rolla was a few points ahead. The last half was quickly played, each team doing its best, but Rolla was again the better, and won with a comfortable mar-gin.

The Rolla High School is proud of the record of the Girls' Basketball Team in 1914-15, chiefly because of the spirit and vim with which they played the game and won the S. C. M. T. A. pennant.

MARIAN KNAPP, '17.

A SIGN OF SPRING.
WONDER WHO HE'S LOOKING FOR!
LOST
ON! HERE SHE IS.
WHO DOES HE WANT IN THE SEAT?
AT LAST, THAT LONG EXPECTED LETTER.
TWO FRESHMEN. "BABIES WILL PLAY"!

BASEBALL TEAM 1915.

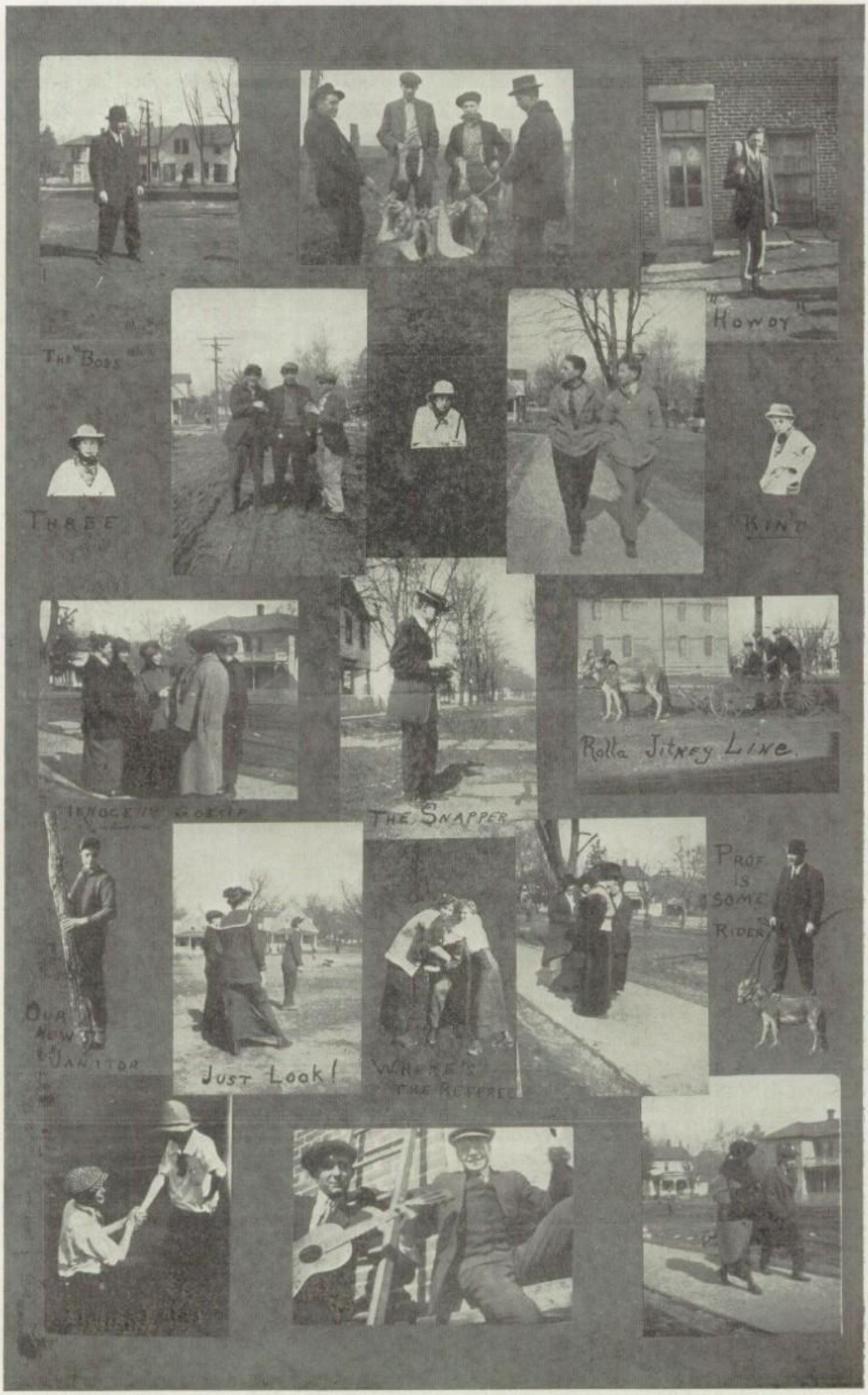
Top Row—Albert Shinneman, Arthur Kerr, Robert Parker, August Delaloye, Wesley Jones.

Bottom Row—Virgil Faulkner, Walter Scott, Emmet Wynn, Harry Pezoldt, Homer Kerr.

Baseball 1914-15.

Of course, the spirit never dies in dear old R. H. S. Baseball rings in a fellow's ear the whole year round. Our material has been very scarce during the last two years, and much of our effort was directed towards "raking up money" with which to buy baseball suits. Our first game was played in the new suits. We played Lebanon both on their field and on ours. The score at Lebanon was 5 to 7 in favor of Lebanon. The return game with Lebanon was the best played on Jackling Field last season. The score was 11 to 6 at the end of the 12th inning. In this game the fellows showed their "pep." Harry Pezoldt, our "little star catcher," caught a fine game. Sam Arthur, our "big first baseman," held down his sack. Faulkner, the "nifty little outfielder," caught every ball that came his way. "Scotty," the third baseman, played like a "whirlwind." A. Kerr, our "old slugger," made some good hits. H. Kerr and Shinneman played a good game. Jones, our short stop, was full of "pep" the whole game. Wynn proved to be "some batter and pitcher." The prospects are good for a successful season in 1915.

Emmet Wynn, '16.


Howdy
The "Boss"
Three
Kind
Rolla Jitney Line.
The Snapper
Prof is some Rider
Just Look!

GOOD TIMES.

The Senior Party.

If ever you wish to find two very hospitable persons just come to me, I know. They are Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Bradley, of Rolla, Missouri. Why, they are so kind that on the evening of February sixth they opened their doors to the entire class of '15.

And every one in our class who is gifted with sense, horse or otherwise, appeared as soon and left as late as any self-respecting, dignified Senior possibly could.

Some of the less dignified ones, such as myself, arrived very early, and had some fun looking for some pretty girls in various annuals.

When all had arrived except Sally and Wes, who never did show up, the party began.

Mr. Bradley came in and began giving each one of us some money. We were all quite excited until we found it was a penny each, and it had to be given back. Did you ever stop to think what is on an Indian head penny? Well, we Seniors "thinkd, thankd, thunkd," for nearly,—oh, I can't remember, it seemed like all evening—before we answered the desired questions.

Dixie Harris thinks she is smart, just 'cause she "made" a hundred for answering all the questions correctly.

Then we composed poetry about such poetic subjects as shuffling feet, pigs, torn stockings, etc. George should give up everything else, and devote his life to this noble calling. His verse was very touching.

We Seniors can spell and pronounce almost any word. Just for a change we spelt the words backwards and then pronounced them forward. It sure was fun.

After that Mrs. Bradley led us to the dining room, not for "eats," but to rescue our hearts. A large heart hung from the chandelier, and from this hung many little hearts on strings, one on each end of a string. We, in our impatience, got them all mixed up. Then Mrs. Buck came to our rescue and untied the knots, which bound our heart strings.

Thus we found our partners for a dandy game of rook. Mr. Bradley and Velma were partners at the head table, and tho we told Mr. Bradley he should act properly, lose, and go foot, he did not "catch the drift." After many exciting games we were told to stop, and the sight of napkins and the sound of silver told us that the hour had "arriv."

It may sound odd, but I do not think that I heard a single "no, thank you." Those words seemed to have left us in the most needed hour. After we had eaten everything on the place, Mrs. Bradley greatly surprised us by bringing out some prizes. Dixie got a Miner's pin for the knowledge of what is on a penny, Clara got "Red Pepper Burns" for being the best rook player among us, and Mrs. Buck was given a booby prize for having the worst luck.

Then we decided that it was "high time to clear out." So, after expressing in various ways our appreciation of the kindness of the Bradleys, we left.

This broke the record for the most thoroughly enjoyed party ever given for a graduating class of Rolla High School.

DIXIE HARRIS, '15.

THE SENIOR FEAST.

We grew very tired of the same old things happening at the same old time, and chanced upon the idea of putting one over on Prof. by having "eats" instead of physics. We took Mr. Buck and Miss Via into our confidence, and they did not refuse us this bit of fun, so we went on with our preparations with fluttering hearts.

Knowing from previous experience that the Juniors would watch their chance and try to break into the much beloved laboratory and swipe all of the eats, one of the class was ordered to guard the treasure—even with her life if necessary.

In the five minutes kindly given us by Mr. Buck we shoved books into drawers, piled them on shelves, and later even found some in the waste basket. When this was done we made a "B line" for the place where our eats were hidden. We were not disturbed at all in our preparations, and when the guest of honor arrived we were ready for him, and the feast commenced.

Among all the other good things we had were two boxes of nougat. Strange to say, one of them disappeared soon after the feast began, but after a thorough search we found the box nearly empty in the drawer between George and Walter.

We joked and talked until finally Mr. Bradley grew serious, and gave us the poem, "Going It Alone," in the best manner possible. Also we heard of the Senior Party for the first time. Our Senior Class is such a liberal bunch that altho we did everything justice, there were still many good things left. The Sophomore German Class was then served, and they seemed very well pleased to get in on any of this, the first and best feast given this year by any class in dear old R. H. S.

SARAH LENOX, '15.

THE JUNIOR FEAST.

On Friday, February 19, 1915, the Physical Geography Class enjoyed a grand feast.

On each Friday a student of the class gives a talk on some subject pertaining to physical geography, but on this Friday we changed the program a little, by giving a feast instead. Another reason for the feast was because this was Lorea Yowell's day to give the talk, and, as she had the longest chapter in the book, we decided to give her another week, for Lorea is rather averse to making speeches. She did make a speech which suited the occasion, and which ended by inviting the class and Miss Via to a "spread" in the laboratory.

Walter Scott, acting as toastmaster, first called upon Miss Via, who gave a very interesting talk on "The Annual," and one thing she said, which we doubted somewhat, was "My heart is wrapped up in the Annual," because we think it must have been in the feast. Emmet Wynn, our president, gave an excellent talk on behalf of athletics. Next, Mr. Bradley, always loyal to the school, explained to us "The advantages of our High School." Then, as one having had experience, Helen Baysinger gave a short talk on "Co-operation of Boys and Girls in the High School Work." Last, but in nowise least, came Eric Schuman, with his excellent reasons for "Why We Should Have Feasts Often." "Strategy is not always confined to affairs in love and war, but can be used to good advantage in the High School," said Eric. "This was proved today, when, with the aid of a step-ladder, we were enabled to get the 'eats' into the Lab. without Miss Via knowing it, for how should we have managed had it not been for the very low window in the dear old building."

One thing that we did do that was slightly under-handed, was to drink

all of the grape juice before we even thot of Mr. Buck, pegging along down stairs with the Freshman Latin Class, and having his mind all that time on the good things to eat, which were so near and yet so far. But at any rate, at 3 o'clock we invited him to come up, and his first question was, "Where is the grape juice?" Alas! we reckoned not that we were dealing with a wise man, when just before his coming we had filled his glass with clear, sparkling water.

Our teachers were all smiles during the feast, which goes to prove that the old saying, "The way to a man's heart is thru his stomach," is true.

So, here's to the Junior Class, which, as Miss Via said, has been noted for its many stunts and good times all during its existance.

GLADYS IONE PRYOR, '16.

THE SOPHOMORE FEAST.

That Sophomore feast, such a feast as it was, it makes one hungry to think of it. The said feast took place in the Laboratory, which could rightly be called Labrador, and was the envy of all the classes. Many were the students who wished that just for this one time they could become members of the remarkable Cæsar Class, but the members of the remarkable Cæsar Class took no notice of these underfed weaklings, and set about to make their feast a most elaborate one.

After a meeting of the class, at which time each member was cordially invited to contribute to the great event, preparations went merrily on. At last the day came. About half past twelve, fifteen famished looking students could have been seen entering the school with large, mysterious bundles. After seeing that the "coast was clear," these same students hurried into the Lab., where the contents of the mysterious bundles were displayed, and the room was turned into a Fairy Banquet Hall.

Artistic fingers soon made the table look as if it had indeed been touched with a Fairy's wand. Just one more look at the scene, just one more smell of the grape juice, and leaving one member to guard the treasure, the others descended to the assembly room with innocent looking faces, as serene as if they had just entered the building. Nothwithstanding the fact that the Freshman Algebra Class sniffed the pickle-scented air and cast longing glances at the ceiling, which, alas, revealed no secrets, they still retained their solemn looks. When Mr. Buck had gravely placed his books beneath his arm, and more gravely given the signal to pass upstairs, smiles began to appear on their faces, and by the time the class had reached the head of the stairs, faint "snickers" could be heard. However, the majority retained their composure, so that when Mr. Buck, who was the first to enter, came in, he found fifteen students standing at the back of their chairs before a well-filled table. He was given the place of honor, and drank to the health of the class. After this every one sat down, and was helped to the abundant supply of "eats" by Ruth Keeling and Nancy Love. Clementine Maggi presided over the grape juice, which she placed beneath the open faucet for several minutes, much to the amusement of every one, but more to the satisfaction of Mr. Buck, for previously he had been given a glass.

The remainder of the feast went on as most others do, unless Ruth Keeling's having had her hands in the salad could have been called an unusual occurrence.

There is no need to say that the class did full justice to the feast, and if there is doubt of this the reader might inquire of the motley crew who rushed into the Lab. at the next period, and who kindly helped themselves. They certainly must have liked the menu, for when forty-five minutes later some members of the Cæsar Class went to clean up the refuse, there was nothing to be found except paper napkins, plates and banana peelings.

CLEMENTINE MAGGI, '17.

The Glee Club.

PROFESSOR BUCK, Director.

ERIC SCHUMAN, President. OTTO KRUEGER, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Glee Club was organized by a bunch of enthusiastic young musicians (?) to have a good time, and to furnish a little music for the mid-week exercises. As far as the good time part goes it has been a grand success, but about the other, I'll leave that to the student body. But we have succeeded in mastering a few orchestral selections, which we can repeat over and over whenever occasion demands. As most of our music is instrumental, and not vocal, we have been asked why this organization is called a Glee Club, but we simply answer, "Because we have so much Glee."

After we had "closed down" our first meeting, as the ground was covered with snow and the coasting fine, we decided to have a coasting party. So a couple of "bobs" were procured, and we hit the high places for a good hill. We had a fine time, also a very exciting experience, caused by a few stray snowballs hitting a passing "gasoline wagon" and causing some disturbance among the occupants.

But one of the most delightful times we have had was at the party given us by Miss Lorea Yowell Thursday evening, February 11. A few others were invited, so we gave them a little music, after which the evening passed very merrily playing rook, and games appropriate to St. Valentine's day.

But the lunch was where we "shined," or gobbled, maybe I should say. We wondered why it was that some of those long and slim fellows like Harry Zieseniss didn't get fat, if they ate like that all the time.

It was getting quite late, and we were preparing to go home, when some one suggested that we go serenading. We immediately forgot how late it was, and decided to go. So, for some accompaniment we took along a couple of violins, a mandolin, and a guitar.

The first victim to suffer was Prof. Buck. We tried to sing and wake him up, but that having no effect, we howled and howled until we were exhausted, and still we couldn't arouse him. So we had to give it up as a bad job. We were afraid of being arrested for disturbing the peace if we made any more hub-bub. Not by Prof, Buck, as he was sleeping soundly, but by the more easily disturbed neighbors.

The next person to suffer was Prof. Bradley, and take it from me, he is some sound sleeper. Nothing seemed to have any effect there, so we started on for Miss Via's, thinking that, of course, it would be easy to arouse a lady, but there we got on the wrong side of the house, and our efforts were again vain, so we gave it up for that night. We then went home, all of us having had a "mighty" good time.

So, as you can see, the Glee Club has given us many pleasant hours that will not soon be forgotten. Of course, we have been hampered this year from lack of room and time, but next year, when we get into THAT new H. S, building, we hope to accomplish greater things.

JOKES.

Mr. Buck: "Ray, why were you tardy?"
Ray: "School began before I got here."

During Mr. Gottschalk's talk on aluminium he used the scientific pronunciation, "al-u-min-i-um." Minerva Allison was asked what it meant, and answered in a knowing way, "It's some German term."

Deep wisdom, swelled head,
Brain fever, he's dead,—a Senior.
Went skating, bumped head,
Cracked skull, he's dead—a Junior.
False fair one, hope fled,
Heart broken, he's dead—a Sophomore.
Milk famine, not fed,
Starvation, he's dead—a Freshman.

Miss Via: "Lorea, describe the sensitive plant."
Lorea: "It has a very sickening smell."
Miss Via: "Well, that's a question of taste."
Lorea: "I think it's a question of smell."

Mr. Buck, making announcements in chapel: "All boys who are out for basket ball must provide themselves with tennis shoes—nothing else required."

From a Physical Geography exam: How much would the rate of the earth's revolution be increased by a man weighing 183 pounds climbing the west side of Pike's Peak?

Mr. Bradley, explaining the colors and their cause to the Physics class: "Arthur, why is this book blue?"
Arthur: "Because it is dyed that way."

Harry: "Say, what's the matter with your shoes?"
Bob: "The patent on them has expired."

Lorea's latest effort: "Count that day lost whose low descending moon,
Sees not at least two hours of spoon."

Virgil student: "You say a pony will save me half my work?"
Clerk: "Yes."
Virgil Student: "Then give me two."

Miss Via (speaking of nationality): "What were Longfellow's parents."

Wesley: "Well, one of them was a wine merchant."

Mr. Buck, hardworked by making "Note of that," and fatigued by German gesticulations, was energetically perusing the Physics Lab. Quoth he: "There's something that I'm looking for, but I don't know what it is, or where it is."

Dixie: "Open the window!"

Miss Via: "Bob, why didn't you prepare your lesson?"

Bob: "Well, you said that the earth was continually changing, and I thot that I'd wait until it was settled before I studied it out."

Gwen Arthur says she hates to get old, but she doesn't seem to mind getting Young.

Prof. Bradley (in Plane Geometry Class): "Harry, you have proved that proposition, now draw your conclusion."

Harry: "I never was much of an artist, Prof."

Miss Via: "Eva, have you your out-side reading in?"

Eva: "Papa says it's too cold to read out-side."

Miss Via, while reading Snow Bound: "Helen, where is Smyrna?"

Helen: "Line 550, Miss Via."

Mr. Buck (in Advanced Arithmetic): "If a batted ball travels 28½ feet in a second, how far will it go in 3½ seconds?"

Wesley (after some thought): "It depends on the outfielders."

S-agacious
E-arnest
N-oble
I-ngenious
O-rderly
R-easonable
S-cholars

J-akey
U-nmanageable
N-aughty
I-ndolent
O-bnoxious
R-owdy
S-ports

S-illy
O-ptimistic
P-layful
H-omogeneous
O-bedient (?)
M-erry
O-ppressed
R-oasted
E-nvious
S-ap-heads

F-reakish
R-estless
E-ndless
S-heepish
H-elpless
M-istaken
E-rring
N-ewcomers

Roy: "I wish I had a girl to help me with my algebra."

Physical Geography question: If the great glacier that covered the northern half of North America melted at the rate of three miles six and two-thirds feet per year, what was the average rate of the winds that swept over the Sahara Desert?

Some energetic Freshman remarked that if the first year class sold their brains to chickens, they would lay wooden eggs. Another insisted that if brains were ink, the first year class couldn't even dot an "i." And yet another said that he thot if the Freshman's brains were turned into oil, they wouldn't furnish enough illumination for the business end of a lightning bug.

From a Freshman history paper: "Cæsar defended until he saw Brutus with a knife that he thot was a friend."

Mr. Bradley (in Geometry class): "No, Mr. Milne doesn't prove that out in the book, but he thinks we'll have sense enough to see that ourselves."

Eric (not understanding, to a fellow student): "I wonder if he means I haven't any sense."

For Sale. Jokes that are stale cheap—heap cheap. Wm. Buck.

ROLLA HIGH SCHOOL HAS

A Hammer—who never knocks.
A Baysinger—who seldom sings.
A Porter—who is no flunky.
A Knapp—who never sleeps.
A Yowell—but no noise.
A Gale—who takes things by storm.
A Schuman—who fixes no shoes.
An Ivie—but no clinging vine.
A Kerr—but no dogs.
A Wood—who isn't a block head.
A Rhoades-ter—who is never driven.
A Long—who is short and fat.
Two Dents—and that's all.
A Love—also many cases.
A Crumm—but maybe more.
Two Maiers—who keep no order.
Some Keeling—altho on the whole we are a sober bunch.
An Harris—who has no money.
A Smith—who is no smithy.
A Fox—cunning and sly.
A Pryor—who attends to her own business.
A Buck—who isn't a stag.
A Via—who leads us always upward.

TO PROFESSOR BUCK.

BY ERIC SCHUMAN, '16.

Yes, Professor,
It is sad
That the Students
Are so bad.
Some can't help it,
That I know,
But with all
This is not so.

Harry Zieseniss
Is so tall,
He can't help
But bump the wall.
But Lorea
Might be good,
If she only
Thot she could.

Emmet Wynn
Is not so bad,
But at times
He'll make you mad.
Then there's Francis,
A Freshie bold,
He's so tough
He can't catch cold.

That Bob Stassen,
He's a sight;
Takes his girl home
Every night.
Walter Scott
Would be as bad,
Were it not
For Eva's dad.

Effie Porter
Whisper must,
Otherwise
Her tongue would rust.
Arthur Kerr
Is very shy.
But he'll be better
By and by.

Dalton Horrom,
The little cuss,
'S always trying
To raise a fuss.
And Augustus
Delaloye,
Is a tricky
"Little" boy.

Yes, Professor,
It is true,
All are bad
But me and you.
But we'll hope
That some sweet day,
They will learn
The better way.

BITS OF NEWS APPEARING ON A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT'S CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 7—School Opens.
Sept. 8—Gee, these Freshmen are green.
Sept. 11—Girls' B. B. team organizes.
Sept. 14—"Many are absent watching the Miners display their brutal strength."
Sept. 15—Senior class organizes, and elects Dixie president.
Sept. 21—The sun shines.
Sept. 24—The Physical Geography class goes on a hike.
Sept. 30—The last of September Mourns.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 1—Yawn (Everybody joins in the chorus.)
Oct. 7—Helene Graber gets to school on time.
Oct. 10—Fay Dent makes frequent visits upstairs.
Oct. 12—Seniors order class pins.
Oct. 19—Prof. Lynch, of the Springfield Normal, visits us and gives a lecture, mainly to the girls.
Oct. 26—Tubby Long: "Nobody loved a fat man."
Oct. 28—We need a rest.
Oct. 29—R. H. S. Boys' B. B. team plays the Steelville H. S. B. B. team.
Oct. 31—Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER.

Nov. 4—Seniors nearly have "An Opossum" hunt.
Nov. 6—Rolla Girls' B. B. team beats the Newburg B. B. team at Newburg.
Nov. 11—First chapel meeting.
Nov. 12—Catherine Culbertson feels lonely—Charles Kiskaddon left.
Nov. 24—The thermometer dropped; it didn't break.
Nov. 25—No school today; the Teachers' Association is meeting here.
Nov. 26—Thanksgiving.
Nov. 27—Athletic meet. Rolla Girls win the championship in B. B.
Nov. 30—Tomorrow is December the first.

DECEMBER.

Dec. 1—December Dawn—Fooled you that time.
Dec. 2—Senior pins arrive.
Dec. 4—Miss Via requests the girls to remove their hats.
Dec. 7—Wes: "All the world loves a lover."
Dec. 10—Frederick Wood begs not to be teased about Evelyn Mc., on account of "That Old Girl of Mine."
Dec. 23—Christmas holidays begin. At Mr. Bradley's suggestion the school renders "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."
Dec. 25—Christmas.

JANUARY.

Jan. 4—School re-opens.
Jan. 7—Helene insists that she has lost her class pin.
Jan. 8—Sarah L. explains Aladin's cave: "Well, he took him and showed him a hole in the ground."

Jan. 11—Berenice has a birthday; she's eighteen now.
Jan. 15—Al Shinneman walks to school with Hazel Chapin, for a change.
Jan. 18—A H. S. orchestra,—better known as the SOPH orchestra—organizes.
Jan. 26—Berenice wears SOME hosiery to school.
Jan. 27—The sun goes on a strike.
Jan. 29—Where's Gwen's class pin?

FEBRUARY.

Feb. 1—Juniors have a slight disagreement over the motto.
Feb. 2—Emma Montgomery is ill with the scarlet fever.
Feb. 5—Scotty is excused from history class.
Feb. 9—Hazel Chapin has a most exclusive party.
Feb. 15—Scotty has an awful sty.
Feb. 22—No school.
Feb. 25—Emma is able to be back at school.
Feb. 28—The last day of the month.

MARCH.

March 1—The Rolla-Hi goes to press.

HELEN BAYSINGER, '16, AND
DIXIE HARRIS, '15.

EDITORIAL.

"Do your best; angels can do no more." And so it has been with the Rolla-Hi Board in giving to the students and many friends of the Rolla High School this book. We have done our best, and if the humor falls short, and the serious aspects seem inadequate, be lenient.

The question always before us in this book was, "How can we make this, the first Rolla-Hi, vary from the usual trend of annuals, and also be interesting and dear to all Rolla students?" In these pages we have tried to make the High School spirit live now and for all time to come. If, in the future, some picture, word or thought, causes a heart to grow lighter, and quickens the love we all have for the Rolla High School, we shall have realized our chief aim, and our work will not have been in vain.

O, reader, this book is not without a purpose, and that a noble one. May it always keep alive in our hearts the spirit that prompted its existence. To those of Rolla High School it will be valued more for what it represents than for what it is. When time has wrought its changes then it will be that we shall treasure that which commemorates those happiest of days—our high school days.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We, the Editors of the Rolla-Hi, wish to express our appreciation to our many friends for their valuable assistance given us in publishing this, the first annual of the Rolla High School. We wish to thank Professor Buck, at whose suggestion this book originated, for untiring help we have received from him at all time. To Miss Via we are especially grateful for the kindly assistance given the Critic Committee, and for her services as treasurer. To Wesley Jones and Zoe Harris much of the success of this book is due for their art work, for which we are truly grateful.

We thank you, one and all.

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Ary, Florence, 1912 ..... Rolla
Ary, Grace, 1909, Mrs. A. X. Illinski ..... Rolla
Baumeister, Olga, 1902, Mrs. F. Villareal ..... Mentemorellas, Mexico
Baysinger, Alma, 1912 ..... Rolla
Beard, Ruth, 1912 ..... Festus
Black, Annie, 1913 ..... Rolla
Blanchard, Olga, 1904, Mrs. H. I. Grine ..... Collinsville, Okla
Bonebrake, Eugene, 1902 ..... Charleston
Bowen, Minnie, 1908 ..... Salem
Brene Bessie, 1907 ..... German Hospital, Kansas City
Burgher, Manley, 1912 ..... Rolla
Burgher, Myrtle, 1904 ..... Rolla
Carpenter, Gertrude, 1902, Mrs. F. B. Powell ..... Rolla
Carpenter, Grace, 1904 ..... Rolla
Chamberlain, Ernest, 1904
Chamberlain, Nora, 1907, Mrs. N. H. Dibble ..... Grand Rapids, Mich
Clark, Georgena, 1911 ..... Rolla
Clark, Mary, 1904
Clark, William, 1905 ..... Bakersfield, Calif
Clayton, Bert, 1907 ..... St. Louis
Clayton, Frank, 1910 ..... Rolla
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Coffman, Grace, 1911, Mrs. Al. Fleisher ..... St. Louis
Cole, Marguerite, 1907, Mrs. J. C. Clark ..... Bridgeport, Conn
Cox, Bertha, 1908
Damotte, Edward, 1909 ..... M. S. M., Rolla
Dean, Hazel, 1909 ..... Rolla
Dent, Bertha, 1914 ..... M. S. M., Rolla
Dent, Edward, 1911 ..... St. Louis
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Dykes, Guy, 1906 ..... Portland, Oregon
East, Myrtle, 1912 ..... Rolla
Elliott, Loren, 1912 ..... St. Louis U., St. Louis
Evans, Bertha, 1910 ..... Los Angeles, Calif
Faulkner, Fay, 1909, Mrs. Sidney S. Schmidt ..... Chicago, Ill
Fraizer, Charles, 1907
Freeman, Madge, 1914 ..... Relfe
Gale, Albert, 1912 ..... Rolla
Gill, Leota, 1904 ..... Bartlesville, Okla
Greensweight, Edith, 1914 ..... Warrensburg Normal, Warrensburg
Greensweight, Marinda, 1909 ..... Rolla

Greensweight, Robert, 1909 ..... Granite City, Ill
Hammer, Bertha, 1906, Mrs. L. S. Hannan ..... Toledo, Ohio
Hammer, Julia, 1905, Mrs. Geo. S. Pietzker ..... St. Louis
Harris, Jean, 1909 ..... Christian College, Columbia
Harris, Zoe, 1912 ..... University of Missouri, Columbia
Harrison, James B., 1906 ..... Sapulpa, Okla
Harrison, Lucille, 1906 ..... Hanna, Okla
Harrison, Katherine, 1908 ..... Manhattan, Kansas
Heimberger, Harry, 1912 ..... M. S. M., Rolla
Hawkins, Minnie, 1908 ..... St. Louis
Hunt, Fern, 1914 ..... Marionville College, Marionville
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Higley, Leo, 1906 ..... St. Louis
Johnson, Eugene, 1911 ..... H. H. Hohenschild, Architect, St. Louis
Jones, Earl, 1912 ..... M. S. M., Rolla
King, Paul, 1912 ..... Steel Works, Kokomo, Ind
Kline, Duane, 1907 ..... Buckhorn, Nev
Kline, Harry, 1910 ..... Rolla
Koch, Blanche, 1904 ..... St. Louis
Koch, Mamie, 1913 ..... Rolla
Lenox, Jennie, 1911 ..... Lake Springs
Line, Elva, 1911 ..... Sullivan
Livesay, Gilmore, 1906 ..... Springfield
Maggi, Augustine, 1907, Mrs. J. T. E. Ericson ..... Sligo
Maher, Fannie, 1912 ..... Rolla
Milstead, Katie, 1912 ..... Rolla
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Marling, Lizzie, 1902, Mrs. A. T. Coffman ..... Rolla
Mitchell, Fannie, 1912, Mrs. C. W. Hall ..... Minaca, Chihauhau, Mexico
Mitchell, Grace, 1911, Mrs. M. H. Detweiler ..... Sunnyside, Utah
Moneymaker, Susie, 1910 ..... Lebanon
Montgomery, Elizabeth, 1909 ..... Rolla
Montgomery, Clarence, 1902 ..... Memphis, Tenn
Morgan, A. R. D., 1907 ..... City Engineer, Temple, Texas
McCrae, Mary, 1906 ..... Rolla
McRae, Eleanor, 1914 ..... Drury College, Springfield
*Nesbit, Thomas, 1907
Niles, Claire, 1905 ..... Checotah, Okla
Niles, Olive, 1904, Mrs. R. A. Bingham ..... Bridgeport, W. Va
Pillman, Martha, 1914 ..... Spring Creek
Powell, Adele, 1904, Mrs. H. Katz ..... Kissimmee, Florida
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Powell, Sybil, 1912 ..... Rolla
Roach, Worthy, 1909 ..... Rolla
Salts, Tillie, 1904, Mrs. E. Romine ..... Rolla
Scott, Olive, 1914 ..... Ill. Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill

*Seaton, Lloyd, 1911
Schuman, Ethel, 1911 ..... Rolla
Shaw, Mary, 1907 ..... Rolla
Short, Ann, 1902, Mrs. R. E. Armstrong ..... San Francisco, Calif
Smith, Emma, 1912 ..... Newburg
Smith, Florence, 1914 ..... Rolla
Smith, Kate, 1902, Mrs. Dexter Followill ..... Collinsville, Ill
Smith, Lucy, 1904, Mrs. Arthur Knapp ..... Monett
Smith, Ida, 1907, Mrs. H. D. McKibbon ..... Kansas City
Smith, X., 1912 ..... Rolla
Snelson, Annie, 1914 ..... Rolla
Soest, Herbert, 1902 ..... Los Angeles, Calif
Squires, James, 1908
Swick, Robert, 1907 ..... Indianola, Iowa
Underwood, Elsie, 1909, Mrs. R. G. Knickerbocker ..... Chicago
Underwood, Louise, 1905, Mrs. E. L. Clarke ..... Sheridan, Wyo
Underwood, Millard, 1912 ..... Sheridan, Wyo
Webb, Erma, 1909 ..... Rolla
Westlake, Stella, 1913 ..... Rolla
Wyant, Florence, 1914 ..... Rolla
Wyant, Ward, 1912 ..... Rolla
Yelton, Erastus, 1908 ..... St. Louis
Zieseniss, George, 1908 ..... Rolla

*Deceased.

The End.

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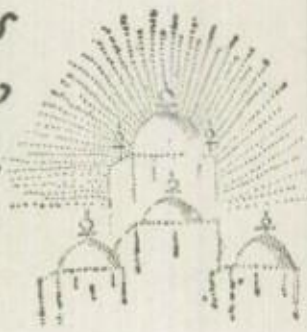

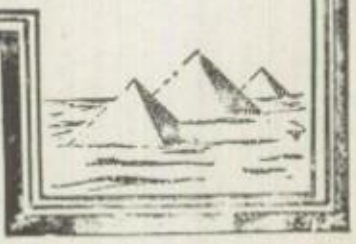

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